waste, tut tut. She was the biggest waste himself.

Harriet Parsons was our manager's manager. She was short, dark and dykey. She even had a little beard. She resembled a civil servant dressed for summer vacation in the tundra, circa 1950. A mannish civil servant. Her clothes looked comfortable but she looked uneasy. She ran several company properties, into the ground. The nursing home was typical. The company flagship, they should have called it "Titanic." The building was owned by the mafia. The maintenance was contracted out to a mob of incompetents. Even Caspar was impressed. Harriet had to vacate it suddenly with thirty elderly schizophrenic tenants. They took up residence in a building in a remote gang-ridden suburb. It was run by psychopaths. One morning a female tenant screamed and vomited breakfast. There was bleach in her orange juice.

Queenie was the property manager. She reminded me of a female Terry Thomas. Another dykey mustache, this time over a toothy leer. Hadn't any of them heard of Joline? Queenie squired prospective tenants around the property. She was sarcastic and fussy. I remember when she introduced me to Pierre. I offered him my hand. He shied away. Queenie said "Thank you, Norman." Tut, tut. She should have told me that Pierre never shook hands. It was one of his obsessions.

Queenie and Harriet were the Joan and Darby of Emile